

theirs, their common attitude toward supernaturalism as presented in Scripture enabling us to classify them under one order of thinkers and writers.

It is, in fine, this denial of the supernatural, with all that such denial involves, that is the most salient and startling characteristic of modern doubt in English letters, as, indeed, in the general intellectual life of the time; while, here and there, some authors are discernible who seem to be honestly discontented with their own denials and negations, and are seeking more or less earnestly for some more stable ground, as they think, on which to stand and act.

Among modern British poets of superior genius and promise, there are two names of special interest, as evincing, on the one hand, the active presence of religious skepticism in their verse, and, on the other, a well-pronounced desire to find a clearer way and a more hopeful outlook.

One of these is the gifted and lamented Arthur Henry Clough [1819-61], of whom Matthew Arnold sings so plaintively in his "Thyrsis," to whom Stedman refers as "a rare and lovable sprit," and regarding whose verse the English critic Ward remarks "that, from beginning to end, it exhibits that devotion to truth which was in a special degree the characteristic of the finer minds of his epoch." A resident both of England and America; a student at Rugby, under Dr. Arnold, and at Oxford; an educator and an author, in prose and verse—it is, most of all, as a poet that he exhibits what has well been called "an impassioned search for reality, an air of strenuous mental effort which is almost greater than verse can bear."

There is scarcely a poem that he has written that does not represent this unceasing conflict between belief and unbelief. The very titles indicate it, as "*Qua Cursum Ventus*," "*Qui Laborat, Orat*," "*The Shadow*," "*Isolation*," "*The Stream of Life*," and "*Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth*," while one of his verse collections is significantly called "*Poems on Life and Duty*."

Thus he sings in "*Qui Laborat, Orat*," in lines worthy of Keble or Cowper—

"Oh, only Source of all our light and life,  
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,  
But whom the hours of mortal, moral strife  
Alone aright reveal.  
Mine inmost soul before Thee inly brought,  
Thy presence owns ineffable divine;  
Chastised each rebel self-encentered thought,  
My will adareth Thine."

And, again, in lines of equal devoutness—

"It fortifies my soul to know  
That though I perish, Truth is so;  
That howsoe'er I stray and range,  
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change."